

# Left Behind



Aside from poorly aged belongings

Unwanted and dust covered  
I leave you my stories  
The postcards of my inner vacations

I was never vacant, for that denotes emptiness  
Less spaced out and more spaced in  
Read and discover wonders from your armchair  
Explore perilous vistas from a safe space  
Though gone my words will still guide you  
Living on as a Virgilesque companion

Walk the petrichor scented forests of dream  
Enjoy inner werifesteria meanderings  
To reach the crumbling ash drifts in volcanic foothills  
Unsure if the snapping underfoot is twig or petrified bone  
The remains of an ancient (yet recently thought up) civilisation

Can it truly be ancient if the illusion is new?  
If I think it so then surely it must be  
Who else is to know?

A small stream guides passage through the land of red and grey  
No mighty Styx torrents or Charon needed to pay  
Soon you will see the arch carved in stone  
A void-trapping tunnel stands as its own guard  
For who would tread lightly into such an imposing presence?  
A rhythmic gnashing utters forth followed by watery froth,  
It's the cave in the cliff we discovered years ago

Though not anything like as you once saw it

Tentative steps through salt-tinged darkness  
The sounds of blood and the ocean rushing around your ears  
Eventually breaking into a run towards funfair lights  
A tinge from a long-forgotten childhood tugs at you  
You know what this is

You've been here before.

It's the lands we made together before the world broke and remade us  
If you press the sights close enough to your heart you will visit again  
Memories from the halcyon age of innocence we had as children  
Now an inheritance for you to draw upon when life ages you faster than it  
should.

**David Robinson**